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382.

January 17, 1903. With Mr. W. to Marley, Forest Home, Glenburnie and vicinity. We met in Brooklyn at 8^A P. M. There has been quite a change in temperature since last Saturday, to-day the thermometer went as high as 57° , at no time was it below 37° . The roads when we started ³ ~~were~~ ² firm and frozen but before noon they became very muddy.

While going along the Annapolis Rd, I remembered that it was along this road that I first found *Belectia scandens*, so kept a look-out for it. We found the plant still in its old place. Quite a number of the plants may be found on the west side of the road, along the border of the field ^{north} ~~south~~ of Mr. Pumphrey's home. Later we found it too, north of Stallings', also on the west side of the road. At Turner Branch we left the Annapolis Rd and took the one to Marley bridge. On our way we stopped a few moments to eat a little lunch and then proceeded to R's where we stopped a short while and paid our receipts to the new Mrs. R. We found the branch less frozen than we had expected; Spring Gardens was completely frozen but here there was ice only close to the shore. We did not remain at R's very long, but continued our trip to M. Men were painting the bridge ^{but} from their appearance, one might think they had been painting each other. They were painting with a will, anxious to get through with their work, for, as they said, there would even be a big

change in the weather. "If it only holds out a few hours", they said, and "we will be glad". It was cloudy at the time and had been partly cloudy all morning, the paper, too, said "rain by evening". Notwithstanding it cleared beautifully within the next hour and remained bright as long as we were out. With the sun shining, it was beautiful; the temperature was so delightful; it felt like spring. From M. we had gone to P. H. and to our *Hygdonium* place. The fronds are still beautiful and show no signs of the effects of winter - the snow we have had and the intense cold. I observed though that the fertile portions on some of the plants had turned quite dark. These parts seemed more dry and brittle and no doubt were dead, having shed their spores. There were of a dark bronze color as I observed by holding a piece of the fertile frond in my hand, when the heat of my hand caused the spongia to open. I collected a few pieces of the fertile fronds to take at home for experiment. From the *Hygdonium* place we intended to go to the pond, but missed our way, as we soon observed and also by, soon afterwards, coming to an abandoned charcoal-burner's hut. The earth had been washed away from the top and all the rafters were more or less decayed. On a rainy day, one could with the help of an umbrella make the hut an admirable camp. All about are young Pine trees, which have grown up since the clearing of the former woods. This old hut, therefore

among the pines, is picturesquely situated. The ground is thickly covered with the pine needles. We sat on the ground and found it very dry and not at all cold. The place was so very pretty in the bright sunshine that we decided to camp for a little while. So much wood was lying about that we thought we might try the new method, I had read about, of making a fire. Two water-soaked logs were laid parallel on the ground; across these were placed, first 3 thick pieces of wood close together, then on top of these, two other pieces parallel with them, all fitting as closely together as possible. The fire is now built on top of this pile. We found it to work finely, the fire worked its way downward gradually, threw out much heat and made little smoke. While here I collected a few Pine seeds, only a few could be collected for most of them had already fallen from the cones; still a few can be found near the base of nearly all the cones as the lower scales do not open wide enough to allow the seeds to drop. Seeds can be found, too, in those cones, which ^{are prevented from} turning completely around, generally by one or more cones growing from the same place with it. There are two seeds on each scale, they are somewhat triangular in outline and are winged by a thin delicate scale, which breaks away from the seed so smoothly that one notices no trace of it. After our experiment with the fire

× Sunday, Jan. 18, While at K's we were talking about the Weather Bureau's predictions, about their unreliability, ^{rain} having been predicted; the prediction being "increasing cloudiness followed by rain" for the 17th and "rain" for the 18th. We had some cloudiness but no rain and to-day it has been clear all day. One man there said "Oh, gee to-morrow it will rain."

We retraced our steps and soon saw where we had gotten off the track. We stopped a moment to see the *Hygoderma* near the pond and learned that we could reach the spot by entering the woods immediately on reaching the field. I tied two of the fronds loosely together to observe again more fully in the future. We now went to the old mill, then to B's, and from there through the woods to the tracks, stopping on the way to eat our dinner. It was half past five when we reached the tracks. We reached B. sometime before the train would arrive so awaited it in K's⁺. It was about 7.30 P.M. when we reached Camden Station.

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January 24, 1903. To Loch Raven and along the Gunpowder. We met at Towson about 8 o'clock. The morning was raw, a cold penetrating north-east wind was blowing at the rate of 13 miles an hour, thermometer 24°. It was cloudy and it felt like snow was in the air. The weather bureau, too, predicted snow. We moved as rapidly as possible over the roads towards L.R. Very glad were we to see that one of those very high ^{wooden} trestle-bridges of the Md & De. R.R., had been removed and replaced by a very substantially built iron one. The pretty house in the hollow, close to station attracted my attention, surrounded as it is, so snugly by evergreens. Along the road-side are *Arbor-vitae* the tallest ^{and prettiest} I have ever seen. On the lawn, too, is a very large *Paulownia imperialis*. We noticed that the pretty stretch of woods running

I have never yet seen it to fail, if it rains the 1st & 2nd Sundays of the month it is sure to rain on the 3^d." 840

x In einem Kiefern Grunde

all along the south side of the road between it and the railroad was being cut down. The largest trees were cut into telegraph poles and the others into fence rails. It took us about an hour to walk to L. R. Here we stopped a few moments at the blacksmith's, and were surprised to see how easily he started his fire, ^{few} a small ^{pieces} amount of paper were lit and these sufficed to ignite the bituminous coal with the aid of the bellows. Here we asked, how to reach the old mill, and then proceeded towards Cromwell Bridge where we turned to the right and followed the brook to the mill. The tall wheel^{*} was revolving, and ~~seeing~~ ^{would like} the miller at the door, we told him we wished to see how the mill worked. We found him very accommo-ⁱⁿdating and he showed us through the entire mill. We learned that the mill was ^{called} Mitchell's mill. Seeing Haring run a dead snake (Hog nose) in the brook not far from the mill we asked about it and learned that some one had killed it thinking it was a copperhead. After thanking the miller for his kindness we returned to L. R. Not far from the mill we found Clematis, on the brook side of the road; and on Cromwell Br. Rd., we found Hops, Humulus Lupulus, between the road and the river, a short distance east of L. R. From L. R. we went towards Glen Ellen. We found the door of the Gate House open so stopped in a moment, and then continued our trip. The evergreens, particularly the hemlocks, looked beautiful. One pine, of a peculiar stunted growth, attracted my attention, but I failed to recognize it. We went along the road for quite a distance. In several places I found large patches

x Here is a large Thon - Cistaceae

xx Depest snow this winter - about 4 inches.

of *Lycopodium complanatum*, but, although I searched carefully, found none in fruit. I fail to understand, why I have never seen this plant in fruit. It was about 11 o'clock when we reached a ravine (the one we entered during the summer with Mr. P.) and we decided to stop for dinner. We soon found that we had selected a very disagreeable camping place, a place where we were not protected at all from the wind, but we decided to make the best of it. We had a great deal of trouble to start our fire and were once on the point of leaving to try some other place. Finally, however, it began to burn, and we had one of our best fires, such a fine one that we felt loth to leave it when the time for starting homeward came. It had begun to snow and the ground was already covered when we started. We were undecided which way to take, whether onward towards Glen Ellen or to return over the route we had already taken; finally decided to go by way of Glen Ellen, being told by a workman that it was a shorter route. We went, therefore, to the three-arched bridge, crossed it and followed the brook up stream, we crossed it at Glen Ellen but seeing a broad path leading past some lime kilns and also around the White House, which is quite an immense building, we followed it. The road follows the stream and enters the Glen Ellen road at the dairy. Just before it enters this road ~~it~~ it runs along the edge of a piece of woodland. It was now getting dusk, the snow ⁺ deeper and deeper. The road was filled with ruts and

very disagreeable to walk on. It took us two hours to reach Townson.

We reached home before 8 o'clock.

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January 31, 1903. To Brooklyn and vicinity. I left home about 9 o'clock.

On account of the warm weather during the past week, all ^{snow and} ice had disappeared in Spring Gardens. Yesterday, however, it blew up cold; the ground was therefore frozen this morning and a little ice was seen on the south shore of the river. Noticed that a new frame building, ^{a store,} is being built on the shore, the front facing the road. In front it is but one story high, in the rear two stories. The building stands on the site of a former squatter. As I crossed the bridge, I looked, to see ^{any of} if the willows ^{in the water} planted along the west side of the bridge were growing, but did not find a single one. As I passed through B. I stopped to examine the terminal buds of the Paper Mulberry, my observations, however, were not satisfactory. Near Mr. McLehman's house I saw several beautiful evergreens and thought of entering his place to examine them, but decided to put it off till some other time. I took the road, leading towards Pumphrey's. This road leads through the Cromwell estate, a tract of nearly 500 A., extending from the river to Annapolis Rd and from Brooklyn up to a point about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from Pumphrey. The wind, which had been blowing with considerably force during the night, had since sunrise gradually diminished in velocity; the temperature, therefore rapidly became warmer, so that now, with the sun shining brightly and not

a cloud to be seen, the day was perfect. As I went along the road I stopped frequently to examine the trees, particularly the Sycamore and the Robinia - the Locust. Examining the so-called terminal bud - the pseudo-terminal^{*} bud of the Sycamore, I observed that it is in fact the axillary bud of the last leaf; the true terminal bud is a small affair, which I think becomes abortive, the stem increasing in length by means of the pseudo-terminal bud. Shall note again this spring. With the Robinia, there is no doubt; here one sees plainly that it is a pseudo-terminal bud that "prolongs" the stem, for here it is not only the terminal bud, but most times quite a piece of the stem that dies and in falling off leaves either a scar or as in most cases a tiny stump of more or less length. It was while I was examining the Robinia, that Mr. Chaney came along. He lives on a piece of land of the Cornwell estate. His house overlooks the river. He told me he had four English Walnut trees growing on his place. When I told him that I would come to see them when in bloom, he did not seem to know that they had flowers, still as they had fruit, he thought that they must have flowers. Mr. C. told me, in the course of our conversation, that all the land to the east of Brooklyn all the way to Curtis Bay belongs to the Raynor Company; the park, therefore, back of Gracie's is not Cornwell's Park as I had thought but Raynor's. Bidding Mr. C. good-bye, I con-

turned my trip. Near the berry-picker's hut, I stopped to examine several patches of *Stellaria media*. It was found in flower, making this plant again the first to be seen in bloom. To-day, I was mainly interested in seeing if these flowers ever produced ripened pods so early in the season, or if as my friend Webb states, that they never do, that their anthers never contain pollen. Examination showed that although some few flowers were completely withered, there were just as many, perhaps more, ~~with~~ capsules, some already ripe, containing beautiful flat, richly marked, light brown seeds. A number of the flowers were examined and pollen was found, although not abundant. While examining I noticed that the filaments were peculiarly broad and glandular-like at their base. In all the flowers examined there were but 4 stamens. I entered the woods, here, at the hut, and went towards the spring. Before continuing ^{my trip} through the little ravine, I stopped long enough, to look up the spot where I had marked a number of plants of *Podophyllum peltatum*. After finding the spot, I continued my trip. Everywhere I noticed young shoots on the Elder, in all cases, close to the ground. In one place, too, there was a Blackberry plant with two leaves. In several places *Nephradium spinulosum* var *intermedium* was observed. Continuing onward to the swampy region, Skunk Cabbage was found, very plentifully. Did not stop to collect any though, as I intended going to a region, where there was

plenty more of it. After leaving the little ravine, I followed the narrow path towards the swampy borders along the shore. I went along this route mainly to see *Lycopodium lucidulum*, which I hoped might be found in fruit. I found many patches of the plant but none with fertile stems. I see Gray mentions August as the proper time, so will look up the plant in the proper time. While looking for the *Lycopodium* I saw that vandals had cut down two fine Holly-trees - *Ilex opaca* -, these trees were each more than 6 inches in diameter. Near one of these fallen trees, I made my camp. I built a small fire, just large enough to warm the oysters I had for my dinner. After dinner I continued my investigations. Throughout the swampy ground grew *Symphlocarpus foetidus*, of all shades, but mostly of a dark maroon color.

(3 or 4)

I opened several ^(3 or 4) spathes to see if the flowers were really "in bloom" and found some in which the anthers had shed their pollen. My most interesting observation of this plant to-day was the peculiar, almost as if cut off, condition of a fairly large percentage of the spathes. In every case these particular plants grew in water and most of them were tightly closed.

The first one I observed was in the little ravine, seeing a nice spathe ^{standing} several inches out of the water, in which it was growing, I took hold of it to observe it more closely and was somewhat surprised, when I found that I could pull it readily out of the from the plant. Its stalk was about

six inches long. I thought it peculiar but paid no particular notice to it until sometime afterwards, when I observed the same thing again. I then looked into the matter a little more carefully and soon noticed that possibly between $\frac{1}{4}$ and $\frac{1}{3}$ of the spathes of plants growing in the water were raised somewhat above the surface of the water and could be pulled out readily. Two of these were found with stalks nearly 9 inches long, but most of them I think averaged between 4 and 5 inches. There were some with stalks only about 2 inches long. In nearly every case I noticed two bracts(?) still attached to the lower end of the stalk. The entire spathe, ~~then~~ with stalk, therefore, apparently comes from the plant. They all came up with the lower end as clearly cut across as if it had been done with a knife. The case with which they came up and the appearance of their lower apparently cut-off extremities, reminded me of the case ^{with which the floral and leaf-scales come off} and the appearance of their lower cut-off extremities. What can be the cause of the behavior of these spathes. I can think of nothing that can cause it. The water seems to be partly the cause, for some were found, out of water, to behave that way; but if it is the water, why are not all the spathes growing in water alike. Even on the same plant, two spathes growing side by side behaved differently, one remaining firmly attached, and

the other coming up. While looking for the spathes^{*} I found in one place the ripened fruit still in good condition. I broke it open and took out three of the seeds. I examined one to see if I could detect the embryo but failed to do so. In this same swamp grows the Chain Fern *Woodwardia angustifolia*. The old stalks when touched now send out clouds of spores. Here, too, I found in several places great heaps of the samaras of the Tulip-tree. I examined these, and found that in all cases the basal-cone-shaped end had been cracked open and the seeds extracted. Each samara contains generally two seeds, flattish and slightly twisted, on account of their cramped quarters, about the size of canary-seed. These heaps were found generally at the base of tree-trunks, at one place, though I found them on either both sides of a fallen tree, the trunk still partly raised from the ground. I think, on account of the smallness of the seeds that this is done by birds ^{about}. The space covered by these heaps was generally ^{about} entirely around, at least half-way around the tree trunk. The tree selected was not always a Tulip-tree. It would be most interesting to see how these heaps are really made. Does one bird or animal or many help to form them. No doubt many; but it seems strange that the remains should be collected together in heaps. In one place, where there was an

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* Nearby were some plants of *Ulex verticillata*. The fruit now is beginning to decay and drop off.
** On this trip I found frequently *Epigaea repens*. The buds are becoming very prominent. *Kalmia latifolia*, too, was observed. Its new shoots are ^{about} ~~more~~ than an inch long. Its terminal bud, too, becomes latent.

overturned tree; I saw in the soil among the roots, a slightly hollowed out space ^{on the} the floor of which were about an inch of these cameras. While examining these, I heard not far from me the peculiar, animal-like, cry of a hawk (?). I now left the swamp and went towards the road. There in an open space grew some Sumachs, *Rhus glabra*. The berries are now nearly ready to fall off. The stalk containing (holding) them has gradually withered and now extends a short distance down the stem and the weight of the berries has been sufficient to bend the entire cluster towards the ground. The remains ^{of the stalk} of former year's berry cluster may still be seen in the ^{forks of the branches} ~~notches~~ of this ungainly-looking plant. When I reached the road I went across the country ^{xx} towards Lehigh. After a short stop, I started for home. The roads now were in an awful condition and I was glad when I reached Brooklyn. The temperature was delightfully mild and I enjoyed my walk across the bridge. I looked frequently towards the west ^{with} in the hope of seeing Venus and was finally rewarded. Venus appeared first and finally Jupiter somewhat less brilliant. The two planets were in conjunction. On my way out Marshall Ave. I saw the new brilliant light of St. Marys Star of the Sea Church. It was about 6.30 P.M. when I reached home.

Feb. 7, 1903. Repeated a portion of last Saturday's trip and then went to Furnace Branch. I left home about 7 A.M. To-day, I went through McClellan's place and took the path along the river. I stopped a few moments at McClellan's to learn something about the evergreens near the house. Mr. McClellan said he had only the Norway Spruce. Right in front of the house, he has a fine specimen of the Purple Birch. I think it the largest and prettiest specimen I have yet seen. Another specimen plant which he has that interested me, is the *Euonymus variegata*, a climber. It is evergreen, and its leaves are beautifully white-margined. Leaving Mr. McClellan's I continued my trip to the Skunk Cabbage swamps. On my way passed many crows that were feeding on the shore. At another place were a number of smaller birds, almost black on the back but lighter beneath. They were about the size of the English sparrow. They were continually twittering. Near-by, high up in a tall tree was quite a large bird, perhaps a hawk. At another place, I observed a large Sumach, *Rhus glabra*, the tallest specimen I think I have ever seen. It was more than 30 ft. high and had a trunk nearly 6 inches in diameter. I entered the swampy grounds and began my observations on the *Symphlocarpace*. In one place, I found, coiled up nicely, a torpid snake (hog nose). I thought I would try an experiment with him to see if heat would bring him to life. I, therefore made a small fire with leaves

but as he showed no signs of life ^{being for} more than 10 minutes near the it, and as I was anxious to learn more about the Skunk Cabbage, I decided not to wait longer. I found again the same elongated loose spathe. Twice, I attempted to dig out a plant with my trowel, so that I could see more of the plant, and perhaps then learn why the spathe was so loosely attached but each time I failed and only succeeded in getting my hands thoroughly cold on account of putting them in the icy water. I shall try though again, and with a spade, if need be. While going through the swamp I passed several mounds. One in particular, much larger than the others, attracted my attention considerably, on account of the hollow sound given out, when the ground was struck. I wished to investigate further, but found the frozen soil too hard for my trowel, so will try some other time. ^x Wishing to be at Furnace Br. by noon, and thinking, too, that there I would find similarly good specimens of the *Symphlocarpus* for investigation, I decided to start for the place. Stopped a few moments at Stelling's and prescribed for his cough. Reached Furnace Br. at 11 o'clock. Entering the swampy ground on the left, I looked for a cozy nook, where I seated myself and ate my dinner. After dinner, I began examining the swamp. *Symphlocarpus* was found but not abundantly, and so were also a few plants of *Sarracenia purpurea*. Here, too, I marked two fine plants of *Nel. laevigata*. Both plants were near the

branch, to specimen No. 1. I tied two white bands, but to specimen No. 2 I tied but one band, but used it to tie together 2 stalks of the plant. Several plants of *I. glabra* were also found and a few too of *Myrica cerifera*. I left this swamp about noon and then entered the one to the right of the road. Here, too, I found *Symphlocarpus foetidus* but none with spathe that were loose like those found ^{near} Brooklyn. Here, too, I found *Sarracenia* and noted that the fruits of the *Rhus venenata* were beginning to fall from the plant. The berries do not drop off singly, but the entire cluster falls at one time. While looking around I found a nice cone, still containing seed, of *Pinus rigida*. I was somewhat surprised, for it looked as if it had been pulled from the tree. I soon found an explanation. A few steps from the first cone, I found another, and then another, and then came to a fallen tree. Here I found a large heap of the gnawed off scales of these cones and scattered about were the ~~the~~ central axes of the cones ^{surrounded} with what remained of the gnawed off scales. In another heap were the wings of seeds. It seems as if the squirrels, for it surely must be their work, and they that eat the seeds of the Tulip tree, first gnawed off the scales to secure the seeds and then later remove the wings. In another heap were, too, the empty samaras of the Tulip tree. With the Pine scales I found the remains of a number of large ^{slightly} flattened fruits, which I think may be the achene of some sedge, a species of

* They remind me somewhat of the absence of the sun-flower, and are nearly their size.

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Carex no doubt. These were gnawed into, some at each end, some at only one end and the seed extracted. When I first collected these strange seeds I thought that they were the seeds of the pine, so did not look about to see if I might find the plants from which they had been taken. I taste the seeds of the pine, and find them rather disagreeable, tasting like turpentine. As I left this swamp I marked another *Nes laevigata*, close to the field and very near the road. I now visited the low ground near the pond and north of the first path. Here I found another Pitcher plant with broad wings to the pitchers. Here, too, is a great deal of *Nes glabra*. *Gaultheria procumbens* was found frequently, it still has its berries. Just as I reached the little bridge, on the side of the road, (first path), I met Mr. Pumphrey. He told me that this path, as also the one near the pond, lead to the Annapolis Rd. He told me too, how to get to Severn Run, Whitehead Br., and Rudy March. It was about 5 o'clock when I started for home. The day was partly cloudy but not cold. I reached home, about 7 o'clock.

To-day, for the first time, I found sprouted *Symphlocarpus* seeds, the shoot appears at a point, immediately opposite the prelaric depression in the seed. From the base of the shoot appear several stout roots. I found 6 of these sprouted seeds, no doubt all from one fruit. I searched afterwards for more but no more were to be found.

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February 14, 1903. To Furnace Br., Glenburnie, Whitehead Br., and Reedy Marsh or Swamp. I left home at 7 A.M. It was cloudy and the wind was from the east. As I crossed Long Bridge, I saw the sun rising, very red and then disappear, behind the dense clouds. Stopped at Stallings and learned that his cold was much better and that my prescription had done him good. When near Furnace Br., I met Mr. Pumpfery on a bicycle and told him I was going to the "Marsh". I stopped at the branch and looked for the fallen tree, on which were the gnawed skunks, but could not find it. Here I secured a number of fine specimens of *Symphlocarpus*. I observed that the spathe that arise outside of the leaves are protected by the two long narrow scales, the other arising from the axils of the leaves are not so protected. These are the spathe, too, that are so loose, pulling up so readily. A cross-section across the top of the rhizome, showed a great many little buds in the axils of the leaves. As I expected Mr. W. to come on the 9.30 train, I hurried through the swamp and started for B. When near the station, I met him, the train had arrived about half an hour ago. We now asked at Kuthie's, how to get to Whitehead Br. and to Reedy Marsh. We were told to go out the road, until we came to Burr Wade's and then turn in to the left. We found Wade without trouble. Mr. Wade has 6 children, and all had the whooping-cough. We followed the path, as directed, and before long came to Whitehead Branch. It is a fine stream of water and looks

as if it were well worth visiting again. The country around is very pretty. As we crossed the field, we found *Draba verna* in bloom. From the branch, we went towards Stinchcombe's (Willie), but got off the track a little when we went to Markland's. We, however, finally reached S's. Mr. S. is building a new house. We went towards it, hoping to find someone, who could show us the swamp. No one was there, however, and as it was already past 12 o'clock, and a nice spring was near the house, we decided to eat dinner. After dinner, we again started to search for the swamp. Seeing a man, flowing, I went ^{towards} ~~to~~ him; as I ^{came near} ~~saw~~ him I saw the reeds growing, not far away. It was Mr. S. and he told us that we were now at the head of the swamp. The reed is an evergreen; the leaves are now turning yellow, and are beginning to fall; and all through the swamp, the ground is covered with the leaves. Mr. S. told us, how we might go to reach Forest House; there was one path leading through the woods, but as this was partly overgrown, he thought it might be better if we took the path/road, leading to Warfield's. This we decided to do. Mr. S. told us that last year, there was frost on May 10. We now left Mr. S. and started for W's. After going a short distance, we entered the swampy ground to our left. Reeds were to be found everywhere, and on the ground everywhere *Saururus*. In several places we found *Illex verticillata* and *laevigata*. The berries on most of the plants have turned brown or black and dropped off or are dropping off.

I noticed, too, that the berries of *Rhus glabra*, have turned black and the bunches were much smaller, on acct of the great number of berries that had fallen. While Mr. W. was collecting some reeds, I started to go through a small patch of them. After going about 30 steps, I found that I was surrounded on all sides by them, They towered high above me, and I could not see where I was going. I decided to get out as quickly as I could and so halloped, as loud as I could for Mr. W. Notwithstanding ^{my} hollowing, I got no reply. I finally reached a small stream, and after some difficulty, managed to get across. When I got into the open I didn't know where I was, but seeing a small hut nearby I decided to inquire, my way back to S's and start afresh. At the house where I inquired was a German lady, she didn't seem to know where she was herself, so of course could not direct me; but seeing another shanty close-by occupied by a colored woman, I decided to inquire there. The old woman was arthritic and besides had a sore hand (bone-felon). After showing me what way to go to reach S's; and I am afraid that I would never have found it, from her directions, I learned when I asked her about Forest Home that Mr. W. had been there about 15 minutes before me. She now directed me over the route he had taken. After a bit I found the route and hurried onward to Forest Home; it took me through a nice pine forest. At Forest

* Near the path leading to Mabey Bridge, I found *Parasacum* in bloom. 856
** Several times, on my way home I noticed a sweet odor, like that when the maples are in bloom.

Home, a man told me that Mr. W. had been there just about 10 min ago, and left word that he was going to the old mill, then to the railroad and then to Schenburnie. On my way through the woods from the old mill to the railroad, I hollered frequently, but received no reply. As I went along the railroad tracks, I met the trackwalker, he told me he had not seen Mr. W. and so, too, at R's, I was told that Mr. W. had not been seen. It had now begun to rain, and as I was anxious to get over the worst part of the road before it was too dark, it, being already five o'clock, I decided to start homeward. At Furness Br., I got a few more spathes of the Skunk Cabbage. It did not rain so very hard, so that, I reached home without getting very wet. As I crossed the bridge, I frequently noticed that it lightened towards the west. ** I arrived home about quarter past seven o'clock.

Sunday, Feb. 15, 1903. Again a rainy Sunday. Since Christmas we have had but one Sunday, on which he has not rained.

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February 21, 1903. A trip to Forest Home. I left home about half past eight o'clock. During the past week, we have had it very cold. The thermometer reached its lowest point, 5° , on the 19th. Yesterday it began to moderate somewhat but not sufficiently to melt the snow which fell Monday evening, the 16th. The snow is, therefore, still cover-

ing the ground, the ponds have a thick covering of ice and the river is frozen. When I reached Brooklyn, I turned off to the right to see how the Skunk Cabbage looked, to see if the frost had done it much harm. I found the spathes frozen and apparently rotting, the stamens, too, were very much swollen. My short trip along the river was most interesting. At least six different kinds of birds were either seen or heard. Two that I heard afforded me much pleasure. The one was a gay fellow and kept always somewhere near me and when I imitated his cheery notes would immediately afterwards call again. The other, however, ^{uttered} ~~had~~ a rather plaintive chord, which was hard to imitate and soon, for some reason or other got out of hearing. One bird, that I saw, did not seem to be at all afraid. When I stood still they would come, two or three, and sometimes a dozen or more, very close to me. They were pretty little things, about the size of the Eng. sparrow. They were of a brownish color, light gray on the breast and ^{with} ~~had~~ yellowish patches on the sides and a pretty top-knot. They would hold themselves ^{the dead stalk of} against a sedge or grass and peck at it, no doubt after grubs. Their notes were hard to imitate. Everywhere in the snow could be seen the tracks of birds and animals. In several places, too, were seen holes scratched into the snow, ^{it appeared} as if ~~the~~ animal had buried something there.

x June 22.

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before the snow and now requiring it had dug it out. I kept a sharp look-out for heries of *Th. verticillata* and also of *T. laevigata* throughout the day, but not one could be found. They have now all fallen to the ground, caused no doubt by the weather this past week. When I got through examining the St. Louis Cabbage I went across the fields towards Cedar Hill. Not far from the cemetery I saw a boy cutting down the pretty Gray Orange hedge that run for a long distance along the roadside. He told me, it was being cut down, because it was hard to plow close to it and Mrs. Anderson wanted to get out of the ground all she could, as long as she had to pay rent for it. The cold weather has blackened the leaves of the honey suckle, last week, it was still of a beautiful green. I reached Elmhurst about 12 o'clock, so found a nice place near the tile factory to eat my lunch. After dinner I went to P. H. by way of M. At P. H. I found hundreds of birds. They must have been Snow birds. They were about the size of the Eng. sparrow. Dark heads and back, light breasts and I think had two white feathers in their tails which were hidden when not flying. They seemed to enjoy the snow and were continually hopping about in it, seeking their food, which I suppose must be seeds. My wife here, to day, was

to see if the *Hygrodium* was still holding its own. I found that a great many of the plants had turned black, their stalks were very brittle, at least $\frac{1}{10}$ of the plants were in that condition. The others were more or less of a yellowish green and were showing the effects of winter plainly. A pretty sight, here, was seeing in so many places the capsules of the hairy-capped moss, *Polytrichum commune*, sticking out of the snow, the moss, itself, being invisible. The old pistillate catkins of the alder, having now diseminated their seed, fall off readily. Going home, I went by way of B's, the old mill and the stream. I learned, to-day, that a path ^{across} beyond the school-house leads directly to Wingert's. I reached home about 7 P.M.

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February 23, 1903. A trip with E. D. ^{and} and M. to Back River and Holly Nicks.

We met at the Highlandtown terminus at 8 A.M. Here we took the car for Middle River. We were obliged to change cars at Back River. We got out at Back River Nicks Rd and walked south. The morning was cool & crisp and the ground frozen; snow was still covering the road. Our trip down the road was enjoyed very much. In the woods we frequently found trees on which grew Mistletoe. After going a distance of about 5 miles we come to a swampy region called Hickory Ridge. To-day the surface of this swamp was frozen, and M. D. thought we might walk across it.

and thus reach a large eagle's nest. We did not succeed in this so easily, however, and finally were obliged to take the road again, go southward again to another road and then get around the swamp. We soon found the tree and an immense one it was. Far above the ground is the first branch and the nest, an immense affair. Here within a few feet of the tree we ate our dinner. After dinner we started on an exploring trip. Every dead tree that we passed was rapped upon but with the exception of our first tree, we failed to scare out a single creature. The first tree, however, well paid all the trouble. When this tree was rapped upon, out came first a beautiful grey squirrel and then several flying squirrels. Mr. D. thought that he might make them fly, but did not succeed. We now decided to go to Holly Neck, where Mr. D. thought he might find owl nesting. As we did not know the way very well we stopped to inquire at a farm-house. We found Mr. Shafer very nice and he readily gave us the information. Hanging from a tree in his garden, was a pretty ^{sharp-shinned} hawk, which he had shot. He told us that the eagles never do any harm, that they live mainly on fish. They however come into the field for corn-stalks to build their nests. We had little trouble in finding the road and after a bit reached the nest, Mr. D. was searching for.

He climbed the tree but found the nest deserted. We now went to the river. Not far off was Sue Island. Here we noted a fine echo. Mr. M. thought that he would take a picture of the scene up stream, but when the camera was arranged, we found that the picture would not be so fine so did not take it. While we were thus engaged fifteen wild ducks flew up from near the island. We now decided to start back for Hickory Ridge. In the garden of the house near the river, Mr. D. said there were three large Eng. Walnut-trees. On our way back, we saw off in the woods a large nest. Mr. D. was on the lookout for this nest as he had been told about it already. Still had it not been for Mr. M. we possibly might not have found it. We found this, too, an immense nest and a very pretty one. After much trouble, Mr. M. secured a good view ^{of it} and took a picture of it. We now started homeward. When we reached ~~Back~~ River Neck Rd we entered the woods on the west side of the road and walked through them, keeping close to the road. In the snow, we found frequently the tracks of rabbits. The tracks are peculiar in having the impressions of the hind paws in front of those of the fore paws thus $\begin{smallmatrix} & H \\ & O \\ F & O & \rightarrow \\ F & O & H \end{smallmatrix}$. It was dark some time when we reached Eastern Av.. Just as we were in sight of the road the electric car passed, we therefore decided to walk to Back River, where

we took the car for home. We reached home about 8.30 P.M.

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Feb. 28, 1903. A trip from Town to Loch Raven, then along the east side of the lake to the Dulany Valley Pike and then back again to T. I left home about 8.30 A.M. It was raining so went with rubber boots and rain coat. By the time

I reached T. it was pouring down, decided, however, to continue my trip.

Notwithstanding the roads, which were in an awful condition, I enjoyed my walk in the rain very much; particularly so, while going along Cromwell Br. Rd., when for a time it was very dark, the clouds seemed very low, and the rain poured down in torrents. After this heavy down pour, it stopped raining gradually, and by the time I reached L.R. it had stopped entirely.

On this road, not far from the little bridge before coming to the little house surrounded by evergreens, I found on the right hand side near a dwarf Robinia a very fine plant of *Lycopodium clavatum*, near it, was also a nice specimen of *L. complanatum*. From L.R. I went down to the bridge crossing the stream. I found the road on the east side with very little difficulty. Near to the dam I found in several places *Corydalis*. Observed to-day, that the berries on the dwarf sumach still retain their red color. While examining the sumach, I heard the frogs. This is the first time I hear them this year. Near the sumache were several specimens of *Caccis Marbandii*.

and on the ground grew *Lycopodium complanatum*. I enjoyed my walk along the lake very much. Two interesting ravines were passed but I did not stop to examine them. I think it is up the second one that *Magnolia tripetala* is said to grow. At noon, I ate my lunch, but did not stop. By the time I came to a point opposite the three-arched bridge, the sun was shining beautifully. Here on the hillside are two old ruins. The road at this point turns to the right and leaves the river and leads into the Dulany Valley Rd near the schoolhouse. Not knowing this though, I thought I would follow the river bank. For a time, all went very nice, as I was able to keep along a large embankment, but about a quarter of a mile from the bridge this embankment suddenly ended, (I learned later that it was artificial, having been put there by the City of Baltimore,) and I was obliged to walk through a very wet meadow. My boots came in very handy now, for without them I would not have been able to make the trip. The weather now was most delightful and remained so for some time; but when I reached the Dulany Valley Rd, I noticed off the northwest a very dark cloud forming. It formed very rapidly and before I had gone half my way to G. the storm was upon me. I had taken off my rain-coat and packed it away in my valise, but it did not take me long to again get into it. The rain soon came in torrents, and the wind

* The thermometer reached 71°

864.

xx Tremella

blew a gale. I thought there would be hail but there was none. The storm ceased almost as quickly as it came up and sun again shone brightly and a pretty rainbow appeared. It was about 4 o'clock when I reached T. It was 5 when I arrived home. To-day found some of those peculiar gelatin-like fungus masses^{xx} on decaying wood. On acct of the rain they were very gelatinous, last Monday on our trip to Bush River Marsh, we found them too, but then they were very much shriveled and had the appearance of scales.

390
March 2, 1903. An afternoon trip to the ravine near Brooklyn to examine Skunk Cabbage. It was about 5 P.M. when I reached the ravine so had only about an hour to make my observations. On my way through B. I noticed that the Silver Maple were in bloom. To trip was taken to observe the number of plants^{of the Symplocar} found in bloom, so as to note later the percentage found in fruit and also to see if cross-pollination would increase the number of fruits. The first place I observed was on the hillside to the right; here in a moist place I found 36 plants in flower, they had altogether 54 spathes. Farther down on the same side of the ravine I came to a very wet place, the whole place was covered with an inch or two of water. Here in a much smaller

space were 25 plants with 50 blooms. None of these plants were artificially pollinated. A little below this last place I found a place similar to first one examined. Here I pollinated the flowers in 3 spathe, none of the flowers had shed pollen. Not far off I saw *Veratrum viride* breaking through the soil. In several places I saw seedlings of *Hepatica fulva*. It was now nearly 6 o'clock and I decided to start homeward. The birds were beginning to sing evening songs. This sounded very pretty. I heard also the frogs. As I was leaving the ravine I heard again that peculiar noise recorded on one of my former trips 2 or 3 yrs. ago. and which I learned was made by birds. To-day, it was too late to examine closer into the matter so did not see the birds. ^{Arrived} Returned home about 7 o'clock. The weather is delightfully spring like.

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March 7, 1903. To the ravine. I left home about 9 o'clock and reached the terminus about 10. It was raining and continued to do so the entire day. To-day, I decided to reach the ravine by way of the pump-house, as I was anxious to see if the *Hepaticas* near the spring were blooming. But, when I reached that spot I did not find a single flower. I crossed the brook and went to the pond. Here I found both frogs' and salamanders' eggs. Close to the pond I found Skunk Cabbage

in bloom. From the pond I went to Owl Spring, on the way stopping to examine the several *Pipularia* places. At the spring, I examined the transplanted *Lygodium*, both plants are doing finely. I searched too, for the *Magnolia* and also for the *Hepatica acuta*, but found neither. I cleaned out the spring and then ate my dinner. While I was eating a little animal in a gray coat suddenly appeared at a little hole between the rocks of the spring and as suddenly disappeared. I hoped it would look out again, that I might recognize it, but it remained hidden. I now went slowly through the ravine; at Camp Cogg I stopped to look at the old home; no one now would ever suspect that a house had ever been built there. When I crossed the little run, I found my first *Hepatica*, later I found others, and in the open run, *Chrysopsis* was growing beautifully, buds were plentiful, but no flowers. From the ravine I went to Orange Grove, crossed the river and then walked along the River Rd. The road was in an awful condition. When I reached Fk, I stopped to examine if *Dicentra* was to be seen but it was not. Here too, I looked at the *Menispermum*, only a few dried up berries were still on the vine, the most of them, had either been eaten or had dropped off. Noticing that the bridge "Katherine" at Smiths had been again put in order, I decided to cross it. It is now,

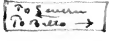
x Sunday, March 15. To-day it predicts the rain for to-morrow.

xx On the road we met a negro. I asked him if he knew what bird that was, that was whistling so finely. He didn't know, but he thought it was some kind of a spring-bird.

in a very bad condition, and I do not think I shall attempt crossing it again. Along the River Rd found one Alder in bloom but later found many more. From Relay, home, I walked along the track.

392.

March 14, 1903. A trip along the Severn with Mr. W. We met at Camden station and took the early train to Earleigh Heights. We arrived at E. H. about half past seven. The morning was beautiful the wind from the south east made it delightfully mild. Yesterday our Weather Bureau had predicted rain for to-day, but this morning it predicts rain for to-night and to-morrow*. Leaving the train we took the road leading west and towards the Severn. How sweetly the birds were singing! It was a grand morning for the birds, at least a dozen different kinds were observed. First of all we noticed blue birds; their heads & backs were of a beautiful sky blue color, their breasts were reddish brown, and their bellies a light gray. There were a great many of them and they were generally in the fields. At another place we saw many juncos. Red birds^{xx} were frequently heard and seen. At another place robins attracted our attention and so it was all morning and even in the afternoon, although then they were rather silent. On the side of the road I found a beautifully fruited moss, and in a number of places several pretty earth-stars. Our walk through the

woods was delightful. After a while we came to a shell road and here we noticed a sign . As we were anxious to go to Severn Run, we crossed this road and continued through the woods. We soon came to another prominent road; as this seemed to lead in the direction we wished to go we followed it. As we were not sure, though, we decided to inquire at the next farm-house. This we presently did. Seeing two men plowing, we crossed the field to question them. We soon saw that the place was well-kept and surmised that the owner was a German. We were right. The place is owned by Mr. Heinbach. We soon learned that we were on the right road. Mr. L.'s place lies on the Severn, and to show us what a pretty view he had, he took us down to his shore. His place is indeed very pretty. The scenery around his fish pond is very fine. There grow a number of cypress trees. He, too, has a number of fine holly trees, a great many of which had berries. Near his spring grows a nice patch of *Lygodium palmatum*. Near the shore is a large sand bank. Mr. L. sells the sand at $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ a bushel. In the course of conversation, he told us what he did to prevent getting the chills. In the spring, he makes a tea of wild cherry, red oak, and sassafras, about a gallon of it, which they drink. Poison Oak he called Wild Oak. We staid quite a while at L.'s, but finally we bade him good-bye and started for Severn Run. On our way out the road we passed a number of beautiful places. At one place was a deserted house falling to pieces

869.

* Near the spring found *Lygala campestris* in bloom.
On the road, too, we saw our first butterflies.

The view from the house is very pretty. In the garden was a Silver Maple (sterile) in bloom. The perfume of the blossoms was delicious ^{and} the honey-bees were very busy collecting the sweet nectar from them. ~~blossoms~~. On a little farther we came to Sanitown, the home stands right at a forking of the road. We were ^{now} not very far from Benfield P.O. and in a few more minutes reached this place. Here is a large blacksmith shop and here is the Annapolis Rd. This road leads down to Seven Run. We learned that nearly everybody in B. was named Pumphrey. We soon reached Seven Run and a most beautifully picturesque place we found it. Just as we reached the run we met a lady, whom we learned very soon was Mrs. Clemens. Mr. W. knew Mr. C. and Mr. C. was very anxious that we visit her home. As she intended going to the store, she thought we might meet her on her return. We were more anxious to see Seven Run so bade her good-bye. We learned that the path on the north side of the run led to a mill, so we decided to visit it. The path is a very pretty one. Here we found on the side of the road some standing water in which were frogs' eggs. They looked very pretty in the clear water and in the sun-light. It was now about 12 o'clock so we found a pretty place near a spring, and stopped to eat our dinner. * After dinner, we visited the

* When near the road, we found another patch of *Lygodium palmatum*.
The *Lygodium* now looks pretty bad and shows the effects of winter.
On the hillside, I found, too, a single flower of *Arbutus*.

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old mill - an old saw-mill, fast going to pieces. Near the old mill lives a family of Bohemians - Bohics as they are pretty generally called. - Mrs. Clemens said that these people were spreading there. After examining the mill we returned to the road. We thought we might go to Indian Landing, Mrs. C. had told us how to reach it. We therefore crossed Severn Run and ascended the hillside. When near the top and in sight of Mrs. C.'s home we were called to from the window, "Come right this way" and in a few minutes Mrs. C. came out and invited that we stop a moment to see the old colonial house, built more than 200 yrs. ago. of lumber brought from England. We found it quite roomy inside, immense fire-places. Mrs. C. said, that Washington is said to have slept there. This may be so, for the house at one time was an inn, called the half-way house, as it is half-way between Balto. & Annapolis. When we entered the house we found the mail carrier there Mr. Barton. We found Mr. B. a very nice man. He told us a great deal about the place near-by, ^{and} how to reach them. He told us about Indian Landing and also about Shell Landing and invited that we should come down to his place if we wished to see the prettiest part of the Severn. We said we would, so bade Mrs. C. good-bye and started on our return. When near the run, we were overtaken by Mr. B. He then showed us a path through the woods which reached the river; he thought though that it would

he unpassable. We told him though that we would try it. The road was as he said, and we again returned to the road. We found though two nice little sprays of *Arbutus* in bloom. This, I think, is the earliest that I have found this plant in bloom. We now went to Benfield, then to Samlton's and to Barton's. Mr. B. was indeed right when he said he had the prettiest view. From his porch could be seen picturesque Indian Landing and here and there were 3 pretty islands. One was called Chalk Island. Words would fail to describe this beautiful picturesque river with its high bluffs. Mr. B. said he would show us a pretty way to the road, and he did. We went to the shore, where he showed us his spring, gushing out from beneath a very large Holly. We then walked along the shore and he showed us his boiling spring as it has been called; the water come up so forcibly that it is in constant motion & seems to be boiling, we now crossed Bear Branch. Near the branch we found *Corylus* in bloom, the alder too but it had been seen near all day. When we crossed the branch we came to another pretty path along the shore and beautifully shaded by overhanging trees. In one direction the path led to the Earleigh Heights Rd. and in the other direction to Bent Oak, a cape projecting into the Severn. The property belongs to a Mr. Butler. At B.O. we found a path leading through a thick pine woods. This path took us to the E. H. Rd. Mr. B. accompanied us to the

* The frogs were heard all day. To-day, too, I saw one jump into the water.

872.

road. He told us we must be sure to call again. He told us in the course of our conversation that the pollen of the Alder was poisonous, produces rashes like the Poison Oak. We noticed carefully the dense pine woods was at the top of the hill after crossing the little river. We now started for the station, stopped again at the deserted house for a few moments and other places of interest. We finally came to the road leading to Baltimore, we took this road a short distance and then turned into the road leading to Earleigh Heights. We reached the station sometime before the train arrived. We, both enjoyed our trip very much. At the station we met the youngest son of Mr. Knicker.

^{893.} March 18, 1903. To Brooklyn and vicinity immediately after school. I made the trip to continue my experiments with *Symphlocarpus*. I found, however, that the plants ~~are~~ ^{the} ~~done~~ ^{of many of the plants} blooming, that the plant itself is well out of ground and that the ~~leaves~~ ^{leaves} are fully expanded. In the brook, in the little ravine I found *Chrysosplenium* in bloom. *Podophyllum* is well up out of the ground, *Lindera* is in bloom and so is *Acer rubrum*. Close to the large holly I saw a large patch of young plants which I think will prove to be *Anemone nemorosa*. From the swamps I went to the Arbutus hillside. I collected several little sprigs then started for home. I had hoped to find *Schweinitzia*, but it was too dark to search for it.

March 21, 1903. With Mr. W. to Round Bay and then along the Severn.

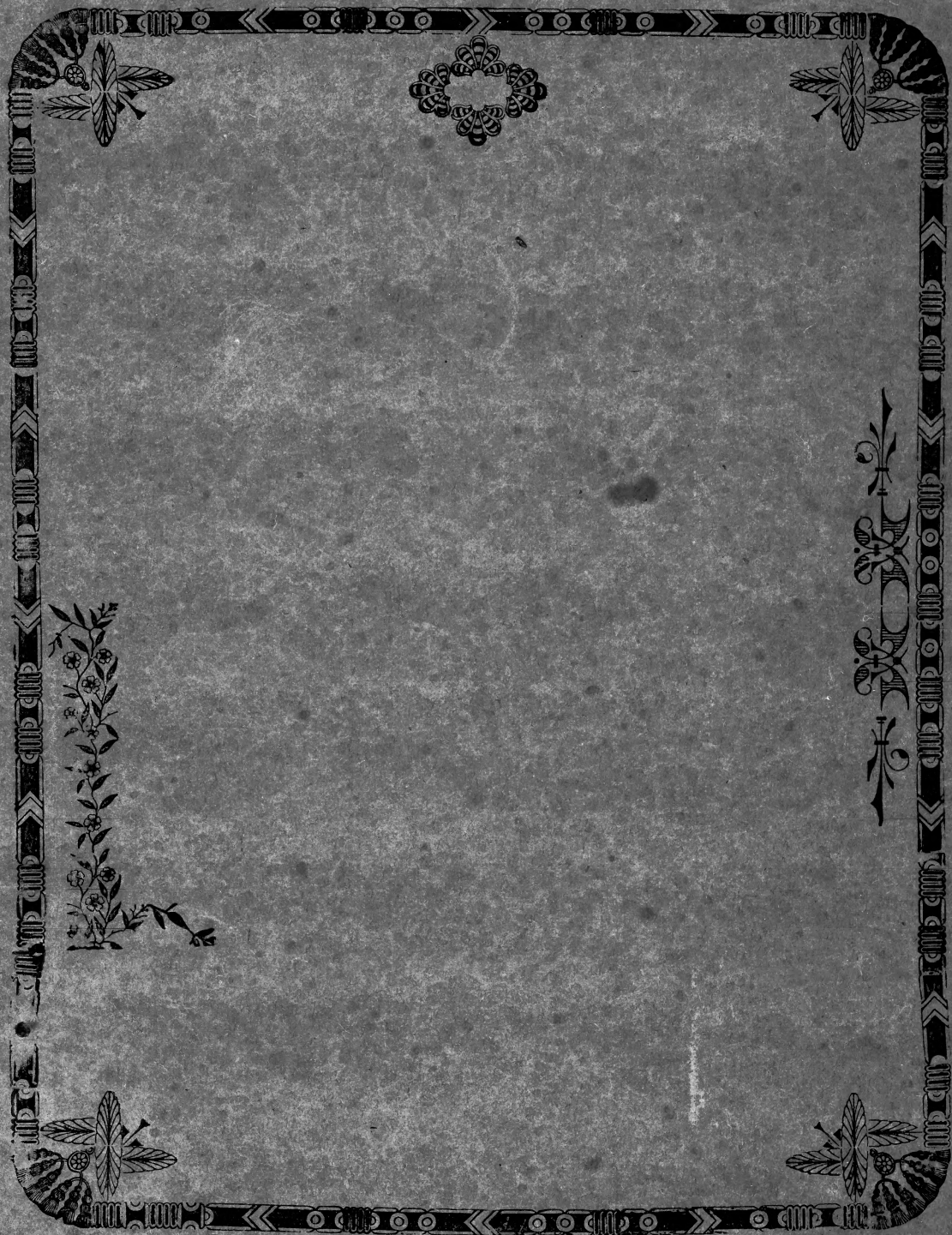
We met at Camden Station in time to take the early train. We arrived at R. B. about 7.30 A. M. It was raining, occasionally it lightened and thundered and then there would be a heavier down-pour. At the station we met a colored man, named Smothers, the new manager of the hotel, Mr. D. left about a year ago and had bought a place for himself.

We found the new manager very gentlemanly and quite intelligent. We went with him down to the hotel. On the porch, were his children - they were almost white and quite intelligent looking. To-day, I wished to see Cedar Point, so we asked Mr. S. how to reach it most easily. and he told us, by going along the shore. We learned from him, too, that Mrs. Dorey was still living at her old place; but ^{det} Mr. Kelly had died. We ~~followed~~ ^{took} his advice and walked along the shore, and very pleasant we found the walk, notwithstanding the rain. The heavy mists obscured occasionally the opposite shore, sometimes, too, I ~~thought~~ ^{felt} only the shore would be hidden from sight but the trees on the hills could be seen. Between the showers, when the rain sometimes almost ceased, the birds would be heard and we thought "what a day/would this be for the birds, if it were clear." After following the shore for a short distance, and having gotten beyond the little bay the river here makes, we came to a very

rocky (sand stone) promontory. I thought at first that this was Cedar Point and the place that Mr. H. had spoken about, where certain fossils could be obtained. I soon found that I was right about the fossils and I had the pleasure of finding my first fossil. On the shore was lying a small lump of kaolin; I picked it up and broke it in two along its plane of cleavage, when, there, lay nicely spread on each piece the impression of a large leaf. The clay was too wet to take along and as the banks were so very steep, and muddy, on account of the rain, we did not stop to examine closer. Here on the bank grew a beautiful moss; it looked as if it might be a species of *Dicranum*. At one place was a large shelving rock, we remarked what a fine place it would make for a rainy day camp. We now walked onward and presently we came in sight of a large colonial-like dwelling. On the hillside, below the house, grew many beautiful double *Jouguils*. We decided to approach the house and learn something about it. The house is occupied by a lady and her two daughters, (we learned later by the name of Tidings). We found them highly cultured but apparently very poor. Mr. T. asked us in out of the rain, but we thanked her, as we were out to enjoy it. We learned that the house was owned by a Mrs. Linsaid (?). The bricks in the old building are very large and no doubt were brought from England. We learned from the youngest Miss T. that we had not yet reached Cedar Point, Cedar Bar, as she

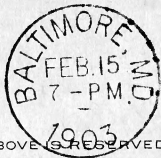
said, it was called, but that it was not far off. We now bade the ladies good-bye and again descended to the shore. We very soon came to Cedar Bar - ~~A~~ most beautiful and picturesque point of land. Just as we reached the bar, it stopped raining, the mists disappeared to a certain extent and we were able to enjoy the beautiful scenery around. Off, to the right is Yantze's (?) a pretty almost land enclosed lake, ^{and} nearly opposite one ~~see~~ another inlet. Cedar Bar, no doubt takes its name from the few cedars - Juniperus Virginiana, that grow on it. We continued along the shore, until we came to Yantze. Here we were obliged to go inland in order to get around the swampy ground. Here we heard our first Kingfishers. As we ascended the hillside we frequently stopped to view the river.

When we reached the top, we saw that we were not very far from the home of Mrs. T. We walked along the crest of the hill and whenever we saw a spot that seemed to be worth examining, we would stop, and descend the hillside. At one place, I thought I had found *Kalmia glauca*, but it proved to be only *angustifolia*. After going some distance and about opposite Robinson Station, we ~~for~~ came to an old but no longer inhabited. Near it was a path leading to a spring, we therefore followed it a short distance and coming to a nice wash, we decided to camp and eat our dinner.*



Dear Mr. Plitt. At the reedy "marsh" yesterday you suddenly became invisible, and despite my loud calls I failed to find you. I walked leisurely toward Forest Home and left word with a man there, that I had gone on to G. Burnie in case you should come after me, thinking that you possibly might have preceded me. I stopped again on the road from Blairlein which passes the rocks, about 20 minutes, & then went on. Very likely you took the path near the branch. Had you waited at G.B. ten minutes, we would have met, but I could not have walked to Brooklyn anyhow, as it was raining, I had no umbrella. I thank you for the Symp. paper and was astonished that you had found Taraxacum, Taraxacum, Taraxacum. The day was not as Mr. P. says a "dies non", and with regard to the weather, better than today.

Yours truly
Chas. Webb, Jr. Feb. 15/1903



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